The Nugget is delivered to your home twice a week for only 30 cents per month

"God grants liberty only to those who love it, and are ready to guard and defend it."—Daniel Webster

Nevada City Nugget

COVERS RICHEST GOLD AREA IN CALIFORNIA

This paper gives your complete coverage of all local happenings. If you want to read about your friends, your neighbors, read The Nugget.

Vol. 18, No. 43. The County Seat Paper NEVADA CITY, CALIFORNIA The Gold Center MONDAY, MAY 29, 1944.

Thinking Out Loud

By H. M. L.

We think the outlook for a Republican victory, so far as the Presidential contest is concerned is decidedly gloomy. We doubt that Thomas E. Dewey can be elected if President Roosevelt runs for a fourth term. This gloomy outlook is predicated on the present war prospect. If, by November our troops are victorious in Europe, nothing much can stop President Roosevelt from serving us another four years. Only, if we should meet heavy reverses, and Germany should give evidence that another year will be required before her inevitable defeat, is there a chance that the president can lose the election. People will swap horses in mid-stream if they think the swap will get them across sooner.

This forecast has nothing whatever to do with Republican candidates. It has to do with a state of mind of the electorate as revealed in numerous Gallup polls. Roosevelt is still the popular favorite. Here in California more people voted for him in the primaries than for the Republican ticket headed by Warren.

In general the big labor organizations, leaders and members, are for Roosevelt. There is only one dissenter among the leaders and that is John L. Lewis, and he is so unpopular that he is no asset to the Republican party. Labor fears that its gains under the New Deal will be erased in event Republicans come to power. The labor leaders have learned that they can "handle" Roosevelt, and quite naturally they prefer him.

We do believe, however, that the the next House of Representatives will be Republican. Not by a big majority, but by a number sufficient to stymie further New Deal plans, especially "planned economy." The farmers are decided sick of the horde of locusts that have descended upon them from government bureaus. The farmers are the most independent element of the population. They will reassert their independence by voting for Republican congressmen. We believe the lumber, cattle and mining interests of the Second District, interests which touch the lives of all of us in the 13 counties, will prefer Jesse Mayo, Republican, to Clair Engle, Democrat, when they are convinced that so far as congress is concerned this is a Republican year. They may well reason, why return a Democrat to a Republican house, of what account can he be but a minority member.

Electing a Republican House to curb a Democratic president, or vice versa, has plenty of precedent. We cannot imagine a more gruelling purgatory on earth than that now preparing for Roosevelt if he takes the fourth term and faces a hostile house for four years. The effect on our foreign relations, on the prospect of enduring peace following the war, and on the highly explosive domestic situation, involving the arrogance of pressure groups, including labor, which have come to power, are all dangerously involved. The effect may be salutary in terms of permanent national well-being, but the cure is bound to be very painful indeed.

To our president, for so long accustomed to express a wish and to have it gratified by an obedient congress, the next four years promises extremely rough political weather, both for himself and party. For, no matter what the complexion of congress, the president bears the blame for all failures. President Wilson became the starry-eyed visionary when a Republican congress failed to ratify his league of nations plan. President Hoover was loaded with obloguy when a Democratic house failed to approve his plans for combatting the depression of 1929.

President Roosevelt, who has a strong sense of history and the part he plays in it, could step down now while he is at the zenith of his political fortunes and probably maintain that place in history which he covets. But like many another political figure, yielding to the various pressures which seek to maintain him and themselves in power, a bureaucracy of something like three million, for instance, he will probably overstay his time. Hedged around with a flattering host, he cannot see that the tide which bears him onward, is about to turn.

SOIL SERVICE EXPLAINED AT LIONS MEETING

H. H. Hyatt, manager of the Grass Valley office of the Soil Conservation Service, in an address before the Grass Valley Lions Club, gave a survey of the work now being done by his organization in the Nevada County Soil Conservation District, which embraces 53,000 acres in the southwest section of the county.

He stated that 40,000 acres of this area had been subjected to a soil survey that determined the profile of the soil, its depth, texture, stoniness, water table, limitations, and susceptibility to erosion, which will serve farmers as a guide for many generations.

He described other services which have to do with brush clearing, and much of which needs to be done in Nevada County, irrigated pastures, re-arrangement of irrigation systems for better utilization of water, and the planting of cover crops. He said that the soil conservation service also provides crop plans for the farmers, heavy equipment when avaliable, experimental plots and trial seedlings.

CALIFORNIA HAS PRACTICAL PLAN FOR PEACE ERA

By LEONE BAXTER

It looked for a while like the impressive idea of postwar planning was one of those so charged with significance that the phrase is literally worked to a nebulous nub, thereby losing the aura that made it meaningful.

But postwar planning is a reality, saved by the bell—and by a hard-headed program that changes it from a phrase to a practicality.

The words have been set to music the busy symphony of hundreds of organizations working together, merging their efforts to solve the problems that will come with peace. And the first movement of the score already is in print!

The finished work will be the combined accomplishment of hundreds of local chambers of commerce, state organizations, western region agencies, trade associations, professional societies, private research agencies, universities and some national agencies. Its separate parts are rolling in now from virtually every community with a postwar problem or an idea to help solve one, to be sifted, anaylzed, fitted together and readied for use when demobilization day comes.

Those who are leading and directing the huge undertaking of preparing for the coming wants and needs of this state and area, are justly proud of the work done so far. "'It is a far cry from the old chamber of commerce boost methods to the modern research and study approach that civic organizations are using in their post war preparations," says James Mussatti, general manager of the state chamber of commerce.

"California can expect a better informed civic leadership and more realistic solutions to its problems in the coming era than in any similar crisis in history."

It begins to look as if Shining Practicality, in the nick of time, will save the threadbare phrase from wearing too thin.

California's postwar planning will be a giant community project—the first seen in these parts for a long time that wasn't planned from the top down, from the outside in.

In fact, that carefully integrated postwar program being created here now, will be the first huge project in nearly a generation to be born in these grassroots without genius from Washington, D. C. acting as midwife.

ONE TIME GRAVE DIGGER COMMITS SUICIDE

Harry Rowe, for sometime employed as a grave digger by the Hooper and Weaver Mortuary, this morning committed suicide in his back yard only a few paces from the Masonic Cemetery. Howe was found at 7 o'clock fully dressed lying face upward with a bullet through his heart. The body was discovered by a neighbor, John Smitham.

Investigation by Coroner Alvah Hooper, Undersheriff William Woods and Officer Charles Henwood of the Grass Valley police force, revealed that Rowe shot himself with a 22 caliber high powered rifle. He left a single note which read: "You will find my will in a safe deposit box."

With his wife, Mrs. Alice Rowe and stepdaughter, Miss Ina Clare Hoops, Rowe resided at 317 Bennett Street, the back yard of which adjoins the cemetery. Coroner Hooper said he could find no motive for the suicide.

SERGEANT GLAD OF SUBSCRIPTION TO NUGGET

The following letter ndicating the pleasure the Nugget gives soldiers overseas has been received from 1st Sgt. William C. Williams:

Dear Sir:

I am sincerely happy to have this moment to express my deep appreciation of receiving my first edition of the "Nevada City Nugget," overseas.

I also thank you, for being so considerate by acting so promptly and immediately complying with my request for subscription to the Nugget.

In the first edition of the Nugget I found an article, announcing the death of my beloved sister in law, Mrs. William E. Hafelfinger, of Redding, California and formerly of Boulder street, Nevada City, who passed away March 21, 1944. Prior to this edition, I received a cablegram acknowledging the sorrow and the call of God. However I was deeply touched and proud to be able to clip the announcement from the Nugget, to place among the things I hold dear.

I also wish to pass on, the appreciation of another fellow soldier and companion, for your editions of the Nugget, Corpr. Warren E. Campbell, formerly of Nevada City, and a graduate of the Nevada City high school. Corp. Campbell's mother, Mrs. Mary Campbell, resides at 537 Coyote Street, Nevada City.

The two of us, are looking forward to coming editions of The Nugget.

Sincerely yours. A devoted reader of The Nugget.

WILLIAM C. WILLIAMS,
1st. Sgt. QMC
370th QM Bakery Company.

FIFTH WAR LOAN DRIVE GETTING UNDER WAY

SAN FRANCISCO, May 29—W. W. Crocker, chairman of the Treasury's War Finance Committee for Northern California, has announced the personnel of the Northern California organization formed to direct the Fifth War Loan campaign starting June 12.

Crocker stated that $453,000,000 is the quota set for Northern California for the Fifth War Loan drive. Of this $118,000,000 must be raised through sale of Series E bonds, $106,000,000 in F and G bonds; and $229,000,000 in corporation bonds.

Community chairmen of the War Finance Committee from 47 Northern California counties held an all day conference Frida (May 26) at the Palace Hotel to formulate plans for the coming drive.

RECONDITIONING STRESSED AT BASE HOSPITAL

Colonel William H. Smith, commanding officer of the newly constructed De Witt General Hospital, recently issued a statement in which he pointed out the facilities of the hospital in Placer County will be largely devoted to reconditioning of men released from the armed services.

Col. Smith defined reconditioning as the army's method of restoring physical and mental health.

"These men are entitled to the best efforts of medical science in restoring them to their endangered opportunities; they have sacrificed their bodies and their minds in defense of their country."

Reconditioning, stated Col. Smith is divided into three branches—physical and educational reconditioning and occupational therapy.

Starting simultaneously with convalescence, often 48 hours after some operations, the patient begins body building exercises. At the same time mental diversion, recreation and education are given to keep his body healthy and active. The progressive nature of physical reconditioning is greatly stressed. To insure this, the patients are moved through four classes as they recover and gain their strength, each class following a daily schedule of activity, which approaches, but never exceeds, the individual patient's endurance.

Specially trained athletic and recreation officers, under Lieutenant John J. Culler, Jr., work in close cooperation with Lieutenant Colonel George A. Williamson, the medical officer in charge of all reconditioning at De Witt. Calisthenics and group exercises designed to strengthen specific muscles soon give way to competitive ahtletics in 28 fields of sport.

As the patient continues to improve, he is transferred to the Advanced reconditioning section at Camp Flint, in Auburn. Here, removed from the hospital atmosphere although still under the scrutiny of medical officers, the recovering soldier again picks up his military training. Now he participates in an infinitely more strenuous athletic program—long marches and reviews of his knowledge of military matters. This phase of the training is completed only when the soldier is able to take his place in the ranks of a thoroughly toughened, hardened combat soldier.

In the opinion of the medical staff at De Witt, the educational reconditioning is almost as important as the physical. Each patient, therefore, spends at least three hours each day in stimulating studies. Under the direction of Lieut. C. W. Cathey, education and orientation officer, correspondence courses from several hundred schools and colleges are offered to the recuperating soldier through the Armed Forces Institute. He can learn almost any language he chooses if his hospitalization is prolonged. He can take courses in history, in the background of war, mathematics, radio and an infinite variety of other subjects. There are visual aids, movies, lectures, panel discussions and even music lessons for patients.

Occupational therapy assists in the use of hands and minds in coordinated tasks to help restore functions of the injured extremities. Adapted to the needs of each patient, this part of the program is becoming more and more practical. Normal, work-a day, activities are stressed instead of the minor crafts which do not hold prolonged interest for the patents.

Blue Grouse Makes Sawmill His Happy Home

Paul Bunyan's Blue Ox, noted for his fabled feats in the "Big Timber" has a desendant in a blue grouse. Ranger Frank B. Delaney of the Downieville District of Tahoe National Forest, reports that a cat-skinner engaged in skidding logs into the new Calida Lumber Company camp at Brandy City, recently arrived at the sawmill with a blue grouse perched on the radiator of the big tractor. At last reports the grouse had adopted the sawmill as its home and spends the day busily with the crew which is completing the mill structure.

WAR CHEST GETS READY FOR DRIVE

The Nevada County War Chest Committee met in Grass Valley on Thursday night, May 25, at the Chamber of Commerce office. Vernon Stoll, County chairman called the meeting which was attended by representatives of the U. S. O. Boy Scouts of America and the Salvation Army. Glenn Everman of the California War Chest was present to give information concerning the coming campaign this fall and necessary preparations to be made during the next few months. Robert H. Frank of Tahoe Area Council of Boy Scouts was also present at the meeting.

It was announced that the total sum set for the goal of the 1945 drive for the United States was $15,000,000. Adj. Helena M. Sainsbury of the Salvation Army has been appointed the publicity chairman for the county. Other important appointments are to be made soon and will be announced within a few days.

PUBLIC DUCK HUNTING LANDS TO BE BOUGHT

SAN FRANCISCO, May 29—Acquisition of land in the Sacramento Valley for duck feeding areas and public shooting grounds will be the first item of business for the State Fish and Game Commission meeting in San Francisco at 1:30 p. m. May 25, in the state building. An investigation of available lands has been under way and a progress report will be submitted at that time.

Other items on the agenda include opening of Imperial Refuge as a public shooting ground; closing of the deer season in District 2 34 from August 15 to 31, and regulations for the elk season.

On May 26 starting at 10 a. m. the meetng will be devoted to matters pertaining to the commercial fishing industry.

TO DEDICATE PLAQUE TO 190 N. C. BOYS

At Memorial Day exercises in the adultorium of the Nevada City High School tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock, a service plaque, carrying the names of 190 graduates of the high school now in the armed services, will be dedicated.

Four gold stars in honor of William Bennett, David McCraney, James Odegaard and Ernest Chapman, army air officers who have given their lives in this war, will be dedicated. Rev. Cedric Porter of Trinity Episcopal Church, will be in charge of the services. E. C. Uren, city engineer engraved the names of service men on the plaque.

After the services at the high school, the Veterans of Foreign Wars will proceed to the G. A. R. plot in the Pine Grove Cemetery, where the flag will be raised and salutes fired. They will then proceed to the Catholic Cemetery where the V. F. W. Auxiliary will have charge of the service.

The public has been asked to leave flowers at the grammar and high schools, where the veterans will pick them up, and distribute them among the graves of those who have died in their country's service.

RAINBOW INSTALLATION

Miss Helen Butz was installed as Worthy Advisor in the Rainbow Order on Friday evening in Masonic Hall in this city. Others assisting in the installation were, Mrs. Gordon Bettles, hostess; Mrs. Leland Smith, Mother Advisor; Mrs. Alice Hitchens musician; Pauline Keckler, installing worthy advisor; Betty Young, installing marshall; Betty Burns, honorary marshall; Virginia Bonebrake, chaplain; Lotus Wales, recorder; Donna DeVore, banner bearer. Refreshments were served at the close of the meeting.

Clarence Martz visited in Nevada City Sunday from Forest Hill.

TEN YOUNG MEN TO LEAVE JUNE 2

Ten men are being inducted into the armed forces and will leave Nevada City on June 2.

Grass Valley Lodge No. 12, I. O. O. F. will see the young selectees off from the courthouse at an early hour in the morning.

Two of the men going will leave for the Navy. They are Brian Addison Bennallack, and Morris Roy Butler. Those going into the army include Warren Earl Odell, Frank Giovannoni, William Sirago, Kenneth Lee Case, Svern Henry Hafelfinger, Leonard Paul Valdez, George Clinton Brewer and Rex Harvey Chappell.

CAMP AUGUSTA MAY BE SOLD

H. F. Sofge, secretary of the Nevada City Chamber of Commerce reports that he has received a request from the Vallejo Camp Fire Girls for photographs of Lake Vera and especially of the Piedmont Camp Fire lodge there, known as Camp Augusta. He states that the Vallejo organization wishes to purchase Camp Augusta and photographs are needed for publicity purposes.

Lake Vera is four miles northeast of Nevada City. Around it are three holdings of recreational character. The Oakland Camp Fire Girls occupy Camp Celio; the Piedmont girls, Camp Augusta; and the Mills College girl, Gold Hollow.

HOUSE TRAILERS FOR FIRE GUARDS

Modern trailer houses fill forest service needs for fire guard and crew stations, Paul McBean, engineer fire control officer of the Tahoe National Forest, said yesterday. Following the establishment of army air marning stations after Pearl Harbor, house trailers were contributed for residences in remote locations.

As the need of these emergency housing units diminished, they were made available to other government agencies. The Tahoe National Forest has been fortunate enough to obtain three of these, McBean said. They are now supplying comfortable, modern housing to service men and their families in remote areas. They make it possible to place men where they are needed but where housing is unavailable.

TAHOE FOREST GRAZING AREAS ARE SURVEYED

Supervisor Guerdon Ellis of the Tahoe National Forest announces that a complete inventory of the forest's grazing capacity is under way to determine the full sheep or cattle capacity of each range allotment. The forest service is interested in seeing each range produce the max-i mum in meat, states Ellis, as the nation's meat supply is of vital importance both on the home front and the battle lines overseas. Waldo Wood from the Division of Wildlife and Range Management of the Regional Forest Service office in San Francisco, is assisting Tahoe Associate Forester L. S. Smith in getting the range betterment program under way.

Domestic Science Classes Stage Fashion Show

The chief event of a joint meeting or the high school and elmentary PTA Friday afternoon was a fashion show staged by 18 girls in the high school domestic science classes and their instructor, Mrs. June Brown.

The show was given in the fountain court and the girls wore the dresses they had themselves made in their classes. Special musical numbers were rendered during the show. Tea was served at the conclusion.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Wisker and daughter will arrive from Sacramento today to send Memorial holidoy with relatives in this city.

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H. M. LEETE - - - - - - Editor and Publisher

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

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JUST WONDERIN'

I wonder if we have the power
To appraise a man in his own hour;
To weigh and measure him and then,
Compare him with his fellow men,
His moods discern, his aims define,
His actions with his speech allign
And then, with calm, judicial mind,
Portray him to his human kind.

I wonder why it is so difficult to place a true estimate upon a man's character, achievements and value to society, while he is still living and engaged in the performance of those tasks to which time and circumstance have assigned him.

A man's contemporaries sometimes deal justly with him, but not often—in fact they are even prone to underestimate themselves and the importance of the time in which they live and the events which are taking place about them. It must be that th close up is confusing and that perspective is neeed in order to bring out the true value of individuals as related to human history.

We are told that, "time makes ancient good uncouth," but that is not true, for that which is finally found to be uncouth was never good; it merely appeared to be so to a misled and mistaken generation. incapable of straight thinking and confused by the close up. Time is not an alchemist, engaged in transmuting base metals into gold. Time is the revealer, affording us a clear perspective in which to view and evaluate historical events and personalities.

The world's immortals have seldom received just dues from the hands of their contemporaries. Socrates, Galileo, Columbus, our own revered Lincoln and myriads of others, equally illustrious, might, if they could speak, testify to the truth of that assertion; yes we of today, recognize their worth and accord them their illumined niches in the hall of fame.

The world has become kaleidoscopic, changes surge in upon us in a bewildering fashion and it is often difficult upon the spur of the moment, to differentiate between the good and the uncouth. The close up is truly confusing, and we have not the time in which to gain true perspective, the ony thing that we can safely do, is to think straight and many instances, suspend judgment.

Uncle Silas says: "I'm not worrying about military secrets. If I want to find out something extra special, I'll just ask Senator Bridges."—A. Merriam Conner.

KEY TO WORLD HARMONY

Americans, proverbially, are great humanitarians. We worry just as keenly over the troubles of people on the other side of the world as of those suffering damage from a Mississippi flood or a Kansas cyclone.

We are prone to trust all outsiders implicitly until events prove we were taken in. And we are greatly inclined to prefer friendship to force.

To some countries—whose problems we have helped to solve more than once with material aid in times of stress—that inclination has spelled only ingrown inherent weakness as a nation. We are engaged now in proving the contrary.

For years, America in it richness and profligacy has entertained the erroneous idea that it can buy its way almost any place; that dollars take place of diplomacy. Returning from an extensive survey trip in South America, Dr. Aurelia Henry Reinhardt, an eminent educator, remarked the other day, "It is easier for us to decide how we in our wisdom would solve the problems of other people than it is to solve them. Understanding is our first duty."

A more practical and realistic understanding of our neighbors across the oceans and in our home hemisphere as well, undoubtedly would go far toward solving our own problems. It is certain some of our neighbors south of the Rio Grande cannot be said to have been won entirely by our liberal sprinkling of tourist gold over the years, any more surely than Japan was won by displays of supposed liberality.

A real effort at understanding the thinking as well as the problems of the German and Japanese people—and the aspirations, too, of their leaders—might have provided the forewarning we lacked from the standpoint of preparation, for this war. Such understanding, built not on a great outpouring of American dollars, but on meticulous interest, study and attention, might well be a key to a measure of peaceful, if not wholly harmonious, world relations in the future. — Contributed.

STRATOSPHERE SPENDING

Congress, just a few days ago, voted its approval of lifting the national debt ceiling to 240 billion dollars—a 30 billion dollar increase. And already the administration in Washington has served notice that the debt ceiling will again have to be boosted next March, if the war continues.

Our national debt total, we are told, is now 185 billions, will reach 235 billions by the end of the year — and unless peace comes unexpectedly, our indebtedness will reach the colossal figure of 258 billions by July, 1945.

For all practical purposes, "ceiling unlimited" would seem to be the proper phrase, so long as the conflict rages. Even "the sky's the limit" is no longer descriptive, for the costs of this war are strictly in the stratosphere. When peace comes, perhaps we can gradually get back to normal levels, but the taxpayer, we fear will have to wear an exygen mask for years to come.—Contributed.

THE VISION AT IPSWICH

Men of science are still busy, trying to explain the huge, glowing crucifix appearing in a recent night sky over Ipswich England, on the basis of "reflected light in ice crystals in the air."

But to men of faith there is no need for such an explanation. To them it was a sign of good omen for the most perilous hours of their lives, the invasion ordeal. It was a vision of heavenly portent, blessing their crusade against a powerful aggressor whose God is an earthly God of force and terror.

No agreement is necessary between the scientists and those who considered the cross in the dark sky a proverbial sign. Failure to establish specific scientific explanation for the occurrence will not persuade the professors that no such proof exists. And as far as the others are concerned, the most authoritative evidence of its scientific origin will not rob the impressive sight of its spritual significance to them.

"Thus, in the beginning," said Cicero, three score years before Christ walked the earth, "the world was so made that certain signs come before certain events." And thus, 2000 years later, men witnessing "signs" may still interpret them as they choose. Our foremost scientists—men who have probed deepest behind the drawn curtain of reality—would be the last to deny that their own scientific formulas tend to exalt rather than to dim the wonder of whatever forces produce phenomena like flaming crosses in midnight skies.—Contributed.

MISTRESS OF THE SEAS

The United States Navy, most powerful battle fleet the world has ever known, now numbers more than 1200 fighting ships, according to Rear Admiral E. L. Cochrane, and undoubtedly play a major role in the ultimate, smashing defeat of the Axis.

Perhaps more than any other factor, the rapid growth and brilliant performance of our Navy have sealed the doom of our enemies, who had counted heavily on our unpreparedness at the outbreak of the conflict, to wage war successfully on the seven seas.

The Axis badly misjudged the tremendous productive capacity of American industry, for in four years, starting with a fleet of 380 units, we have been able to build a Navy of 1200 first class fighting ships. But perhaps the greatest mistake made by the Axis in miscalculating our naval fighting power, was that they failed to allow for the gallantry and fighting seamanship of the men who manned our ships during the dark period when our actual seapower was wholly inadequate. We escaped a knockout then, not because we had fighting ships, but because we had fighting men who refused to be licked—and who held the line for bitter months on end while our Navy was building.

Proud as we are of our fighting ships, we are prouder still of the men who walk their decks and man their guns.—Contributed.

PROFIT AND LOSS SYSTEM

There is an active and very vocal minority in this country which is determined to knock out "the profit system" at all costs, apparently believing that it is an economic sin for business to make a return on its investment.

We would caution these young "liberals," parlor pinks and brain trusters to stay on public payrolls, where most of them are now supported, and not to try their wings in the business world they decry.

For if they ever got into business they would learn, and quickly, that there's no such thing as a profit system. There is, however, "a profit and loss system." But that's far different. And we're afraid most of the zealous reformists just wouldn't have the stomach for it.—Contributed.

CALIFORNIA RAM SALE IMPROVES BIG FLOCKS

Further improvement of California flocks, assuring continued supplies of lamb, mutton and wool for the war effort, was hailed today as an outstanding result of the annual California Ram Sale just held at Galt, Sacramento County.

J. L. Sawyer, of Oakdale president of the California Wool Growers Association, under whose auspices the sale was held, declared:

"Progressive sheepmen who own California's 3,000,000 sheep bought 1781 purebred rams and ewes at the sale, paying for them $97,146, to improve the quantity and quality of lamb and mutton for soldiers and civilians, and to increase the supply of wool for the nation's needs.

"The California Ram Sale aids sheepmen to perform this important service for the community by giving the widest possible distribution to fine blood lines in the best breeding stock. This means heavier and better lambs and more wool per sheep."

The 1781 rams and ewes which changed hands at the sale brought an average of $54.55. While this average was less than the record average of $61.96 recorded at the 1943 sale, it was substantially above the 1942 average of $52.82 and the 1941 average of $48.47.

The top ram of the sale, a Hampshire stud bred by C. M. Hubbard & Sons, Junction City, Oregon, was purchased by the University of California College of Agriculture at Davis for $400. The second highest priced ram was a Suffolk acquired by Goodrich Bros. of Dayton, Oregon from Godfrey Priddy of Hollister, for $326. The white face division contributed the third high priced ram, a yearling Corriedale, sold by Wesley Wooden of Bird's Landing to a neighbor, E. A. Anderson, of Rio Vista, for $310.

Hampshires outnumbered all the breeds in the sale and Corriedales outnumbered all white faced breeds. Rambouillets, however, came to the front after a lapse of a decade or more, outselling other whitefaced breeds in the range ram division.

Seven western states were represented at the sale by buyers or bidders—California, Nevada, Oregon, Idaho, Utah, Wyoming and Arizona, attesting its importance as the outstanding sheep event of the year in the west.

Pheasant Tags Sold To 121,293

SAN FRANCISCO, May 29—The distribution of pheasants and the importance of pheasant hunting in the various counties is revealed by a report of J. S. Hunter, chief of the Bureau of Game Conservation, State Division of Fish and Game. The information has been compiled from the report of pheasant tag sales during 1943.

The Sacramento valley counties have approximately 4.5% of the state's population, but hunters in those counties purchased 25% of the pheasant tags. San Joaquin valley counties, with 11% of the population purchased 19% of the tags. Hunters of the bay region, with a population which represents 25% of that of the state, on account of their proximity to the pheasant country, purchased 32.5% of the pheasant tags. The rice counties of the San Joaquin valley and the two principal rice counties of San Joaquin and Merced with a total population of 479,000 about 7% of the population of the state, sold 37,061 tags, or 30.5% of the total sales. These same counties sold approximately 10% of the total hunting licenses.

Last year, there were 121,293 licensed pheasant hunters in the state. This was the first year pheasant tags were required to hunt this fine game bird.

ELECTRIC FENCE NO BAR TO BEARS SEEKING HONEY

Ranger Paul Case of the Bloomfield Ranger District, Tahoe National Forest, with headquarters at Nevada City, relates that occasionally cattle and sheep permittees on the forest have trouble with predatory animals, but few take such elaborate measures as forest permittee O. A. Stahlschmdt improvised to keep the bears out of his bee hives in the Omega Hill area. Knowing the attraticon value of 150 hives of bees to the bear residents of the area, Stahlschmidt erected an electric fence charged by a battery around the bee colony. The idea worked fine until bruin and his pals found the fence cool to the touch due to battery failure.

With the field wide open, merry destruction took place with the resultant loss of several hives of honey producers—pure sabotage, as honey is food and food is vital forcitizen and soldier alike. After repairing his fences, Stahlschmidt prepared for the next night's raid by sleeping on the seat of his truck, which had been carefully parked so the headlights could be switched on at the first suspicious sound. Alert, Stahlschmidt switched on the lights at the first snap of a twig to discover a mother bear stopped by the charged wire and coaxing her two dimiutive offspring under the wire. When the cubs finally got the idea, hive lids scattered fast until interrupted by the club swinging beeowner. What the new strategy will be, remains a secret of the bear clan. Local foresters expect that whatever the approach, honey will flow.

Civic Club Discusses Post War Plans

The Civic Club held a meeting at the Nevada City Elementary School auditorium on Friday afternoon with Mrs. Beryl Robinson, president in charge.

Post war problems were discussed by Mrs. George Legg, speaker for the occasion. Mrs. Legg took her material from magazine resumes, namely, Time. Fortune and Life. Her comments were enlightening while her treatment of the subject matter proved to be broad and penetrating.

Other features of the afternoon program were two songs by Mrs. Hoyle accompanied at the piano by Mrs. Charles Elliott.

The Civic Club went on record as favoring the purchase of a $50 war bond during the Fifth Bond Drive T.hey also voted to take part in the Fourth of July celebration.

Refreshments were served at the close of the meeting.

Phone 36 FOR WANT ADS

ORGAN—Will pay cash for good old organ if reasonable. Call Grass Valley 260J. 4-172tc

FOR SALE—PINE WOOD — Two tier or more delivered in Nevada City or Grass Valley. Jakes Wood Yard, Cartoscelli Place, Grass Valley-Nevada City Highway. 4-13-1moc

WANTED — Coin collections. L. E. Sherow, Box 2, Nevada City. 3-513p

LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE moving in standard furniture van. First class staroge facilities. Furniture bought and sold. Hills Flat Reliable Transfer, Grass Valley, Phone 471-W or 39. 3-1tf

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CHAPTER XI

The mules balked at the water's edge. Clay leaped up on the footboard. The heavy wagon shoved the mules on and they were out in the flood in a scrambling tangle.

Quarternight and Joe Wheat got there first. They grabbed the mules' bridles, straightening them out, then lashed them on across the river. It had been a bad moment, threatening to spill the outfit into the water. Afterward, coming back to help with the cattle, Quarternight growled, "Lew, one of these times—" and let it go.

He shrugged. It didn't matter now. Owl-Head Jackson had followed with the commissary, taking time to let his own team feel their way. The real job was ahead.

He saw that all the longhorns had risen and turned to watch, their dumb brains growing more and more suspicious. They were back a mile from the river, far enough for him to string his men behind them and start the pool gently at first in a walk. But when they were aimed right, with the arrowhead taking shape, he waved a signal to Rebel John. On either side they sent their horses racing forward to the point, while behind them and along the flanks all the others crowded in suddenly, slapping their rope ends against their chaps.

Four thousand closely bunched longhorns were instantly running; and to a trail man's eye no sight was ever prettier than that brown wedge, truly a flying arrow now, as it hit the river, carried on by its own momentum, unable to stop or turn aside.

Guiding the point with Quarternight, he drew his first easy breath. And when the last steer had risen up the bank and the herd began to graze out with their fright gone he shook his head and grinned. That much was over with. They had crossed the Red.

An hour's travel took them winding through low bald hills on this side of the river. A little later, pointing onto a flat plain beyond them, he rode around to Quarternight.

"John," he said, "I'm leaving you for a while. There's something I want to look at. You wave Joe Wheat up here when I'm gone, and if I don't get back by dark choose your own bed ground." He pulled off, adding, "Keep it out in the open away from creek-bottom trees. But you know that." This was Indian country now.

A hill slope and the herd's crooked formation hid his move as he rode east. He passed around the hill, turned south and so came in behind the drive for a brief look at the back trail. There was no one following; nothing moved, as far as he could see, among the trees of their deserted camp.

Yet heading east again he kept deep in the hill folds out of sight of the river. The trail was immediately beyond the mesquite, not in one ribbon of tracks, but miles wide from the hoofs of millions of longhorns bound north. But no herds moved there now, and running his gaze along south two or three miles to Doan's Crossing, he saw that an earlier speculation had been right.

A darkly massed pool of cattle spread over the flat shelf with little streams trickling into it from the distant hills. A dozen outfits too close together had run and mixed in last night's storm. It would take time to part them out. He was lucky.

Paused there while his tired horse hunched himself down in a three-legged rest, he brought his eyes up the North Fork of the Red, only a shadowy line at this distance crawling along the base of the Wichita Mountains, perhaps five miles away.

Darkened by the late afternoon sun, the Wichitas showed nothing of the maze of broken canyons and scrubby forest and looked wholly tame. But he knew of the tribes swarming in there, in that last land of the Comanches, with the Dakota Cheyennes added now. The North Fork was a bloody stream. The Texans had made it so, following it with their herds across a country which had been guaranteed forever to the Indians.

Those attacks were no longer in open warfare. They had settled down to trail raids from the Wichita canyon mouths. For what chance did the Indian have against the white man now? Poor devils, he thought, not much.

He was back in the mesquite belt again, almost through it toward the bald open hills, when some alert instinct warned him. He halted.

It seemed minutes before he first heard the distant talk of men's voices and still more time before there came the thud of hoofs. Their pace was a quick trot and by the mingled beats he judged five or six riders in the bunch. He moved a little, not to be caught at close quarters in the mesquite, until, past the thin screen of fernlike leaves, he saw the men.

There were only two. But they were leading four heavily packed horses. They were coming out of the southwest, and seeing that direction, he wondered. From the Cross T's last camp? He had his answer in a moment.

Down in the fold between the hills they cut his trail, halted and faced toward the brush that hid him. He drew his gun, waiting; yet some need for haste was driving them on. With only a short pause they continued their quick trot up the next hill and vanished to the north.

He shoved the gun down into its holster and sat a little longer to make sure they would not turn back. He had his answer. One of the men was Ed Splann. Splann's bedroll from camp was lashed on one of the packs.

Heading on west, he turned the meaning of their fast travel over in his mind and was certain of only one thing. They were not following the Cross T herd now, but Splann's presence was sign enough that they intended to meet it somewhere up the trail. In his cool thinking now he felt that firing the man back there at the river may have been a bad mistake. He could no longer watch what Splann was doing, and it had set Clay Manning's antagonism in a new and more dangerous way. He'd rather have a man blow off his surly temper any time.

His horse loped on with an easy rhythm, and the smooth green land and the warm sun laid their peacefulness upon him; and it seemed a strange thing now that he couldn't condemn Clay altogether. Time was when he would have hated the big blond's hair. Age, maybe. He was twenty-five last month. And he knew himself what jealousy could do. But that didn't explain it all either. Clay was caught with his tail in some kind of a crack. Jealousy over a girl wouldn't account for the three-cornered tie-up between Clay and Splann and Steve.

Twilight dropped swiftly; full darkness caught him at the edge of the hills. He turned north with a far-off point of light to guide him in. Yet by the time he had ridden the three or four miles the fire had died to embers and the camp was wholly silent.

Pulling off his saddle, he could see the dark bed of longhorns and the dim shapes of three of the night guard. All others must have fallen dead asleep at sundown. As he walked past the end of Joy's wagon

One hand reached out and tugged him close.

the flaps parted. Her voice reached him in a little wordless cry, only half uttering his name.

He turned toward her.

"Lew!" she said again, and then, "Where have you been?"

She was crouched at the foot of her bed with a coat pulled across her shoulders over a high-necked gown. He could tell by her wide-open eyes that she hadn't been sleeping.

One hand reached out and tugged him close. "You'd gone and nobody could tell me where."

He put an arm around her. She laid her head against his coat. "I'll always come back," he said. "Don't you worry."

"I know." She waited. Then her voice came with a desperate pleading. "I thought you went because of Clay. Something happened between you south of the river about Ed Splann. I saw it. What has Clay done?"

He shook his head above her quiet one. "I don't know. He's following his own trail somewhere, looks like. That's all anyone can tell."

"Yes, and you've got to help him." She moved her cheek gently. "You've got to. Don't you see?"

He did, and the ache in him to do for her sank away to its lonely depths. With her father gone there was but one man she wanted to turn to for a woman's security. There would always be Clay.

He tightened his arm and let her go. "You'll have to get some sleep."

She nodded, drawing up from him, and past the canvas flaps he saw the small box against the wagon's side. He reached in and raised the cover, saying, "There's an account book in here I'd like to have."

She watched with no question as his hand touched the old leather-bound book and drew it out. He did not open it then.

There had never been a time on the Cross T or on this trail when Tom Arnold's presence had not been like a strong controlling pressure over all the crew. It was a thing Lew had felt even in these weeks when Tom had tried to keep himself in obedience to his trail boss. Now that pressure was suddenly gone. He could feel the release definitely around him; and for two days, while they crawled northward up a rising plain with the dark Wichitas ten miles east, he watched a change.

Among the older men it showed only in a deeper quietness for a little while and in their talk. Death had been a frequent part of their experience. But they felt better, talking it out like that. And each liked to parade some memory of Tom Arnold, what they had done and said together, their minds going back to the best they knew; until Quarternight, who perhaps had known him longer than any, clinched it with an epitaph that might have been carved on his gravestone.

"Hell," said old Rebel John, "he was a man!"

They wouldn't change much. He could still depend on that part of his crew. And Joy's change would not show much on the surface; her loss and whatever it did to her she would keep to herself. He was proud of the way she held to the usual trail routine, the long dull hours of driving, doing her chores in camp at night, eating with the men and showing them a poker face. He could see her often now. For as long as they crossed through Indian country he kept the herd in close formation, with the wagons up at the front.

It was Steve he fell to watching mostly these two days, as the Red River Valley vanished behind them and a brackish stream, the Salt Fork, began to curve in on the west, forcing them over toward an arm of the Wichita Mountains, thrust out dark and knotted onto the plain. Steve, for the first time in twenty-one years, was no longer under the restraint of a stern, forceful man.

Even at twenty-one he'd had little experience with which to carry off this new freedom easily and less to give him any knowledge of how to walk in his father's boots. They didn't fit. It would have been only amusing, his young and exaggerated importance now among men who had fed him from a bottle, if his growing sense of ownership had stayed within the limits that even Tom Arnold had put upon himself. But he was like a young bull now, head up, looking for an older one to challenge. And it was plain enough that he was being urged on.

It was a habit of his now to leave his swing position whenever he chose to, and late this second afternoon he came riding to the point, frowning down his long straight nose.

"Lew," he asked, "why we keeping so far off the trail?"

"Better grass over here."

"You call this grass?"

He nodded. "Best there is." They were out of the curly buffalo and bluestem now, in the grama of these middle plains. It was short, hardly more than six inches, and dry even in this month of June. "Don't look at it from your saddle," he said. "Get down and rub some of the tops in your hand. You'll find a lot of little black seeds. They're as good as corn for putting tallow on a herd."

Steve pulled off his hat. His light curly hair sprang up. He put the hat on again. "Same grass over there, I'd say."

"Sure," Lew said, "and too many longhorns eating it down." He grinned a little. "What else?"

"We're losing time over here, that's what. The trail was made for a man to follow. It's shorter. We'd better get back."

He shook his head. "Too thin, Steve. You didn't think all that up by yourself. Clay's advice?" He gave his own answer. "I guess. But I'm not taking it. No mutiny either." He grinned again to ease what he wanted Steve to understand. "Mutiny in a trail herd is the same as mutiny on the ocean. I'm captain of this ship."

Their horses carried them forward through a silent time. His grin died. He could see an odd struggle against words that in the end had to come out.

His scowling eyes turned from him, Steve said, "It won't be mutiny, Lew. We've been talking it over. You know this leaves Joy and me—"

"Now wait," he said. "Wait a minute! Let's get one thing straight. From here to Ogallala I'm trail boss of this outfit. There'll be no change."

The light brown eyes jerked across to him. "That's talk."

"Talk," he said, "that I can back up. Steve, you've got no fight with me. Don't let anyone rib you into it. You've got too much at stake. You're headed toward all that a man could want. You've never asked me about this new land you'll have in Wyoming. You want to know?" He went on without an answer. "It's paradise," he said, "for cattle. No dry years up there. You've got mountains at your back door and a river in your front yard, the Powder, and a sweet-grass country as far as you can look." His own vision of that valley at the head of the Powder stirred in him a vital warmth of feeling. "Steve," he said, "you've got the biggest chance there is!"

Something like a sneer had come across the thin wide lips, pulling them downward in a disdainful look and yet in a bitter way. "A pretty picture," Steve said, "but not for me." His head came up in a high arrogance. "Me, I'm not tying myself to any cow ranch. I'm through with that!" He swung his horse and rode back down the herd.

Riding his own slow pace beside the point, Lew turned his head and watched him go; and in the arrogance and the swaggering roll of the young shoulders was all the conceit of those men who held themselves above the common man of work.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Indian BEEF

by HAROLD CHANNING WIRE

WNU RELEASE

TWENTY VICTORY SHIPS ON SEAS

The Victory, the Liberty ship's new partner in the world's greatest transportation achievement, is now undergoing the acid test of actual operation on the widespread United Nations supply routes.

While more than 1,100 Victory ships are scheduled for construction about twenty have been completed and are in service, according to the American Merchant Marine Institute. As none have returned from their maiden voyage as yet, performance reports are lacking.

These sleek successors to the Liberty are designed not only for war duty but also with an eye to post war competitive service. It is in this latter light that American steamship companies who operate them for the government are awaiting the first reports with great interest. Along with the Maritime Commission's C-type vessels, the Victory ship will give the United States a modern up to date merchant fleet.

When the first of more than 2000 Libertys that have been delivered to date was designed, America's production facilities could supply only a slow and old type steam reciprocating engine. Wartime expansion permits the Victory class vessel to be engined with much faster propulsion machinery, capable of a speed of 15 1-2 to 16 1-2 knots, as compared with the Liberty's 11 knots. Both ships are of relatively the same size and capacity although the Victory is slightly longer.

Outwardly the Victory is quite different to the seaman's eye. She has faster lines characterized by a much more sharply pointed bow than the Liberty. Unlike the Liberty the Victory has a raised foresactle. Both types have the cowl-topped funnel.

For the ship's crew, the Victory ship provides more living space and better accommodations. Originally designed to carry only 49 men, Liberty ships now have crews of 81. This overcrowding in the crew space will be eliminated in the Victory ships where each man has 30 to 35 square feet as compared to 23 square feet on the Liberty.

In the light of the structural failures of a few Liberty ships, steps have been taken to prevent Victory ships from cracking. It was discovered that a riveted seam is a good crack stopper. Victory ships, like Lebtrey's are all welded, but to insure against faults, the extreme edges of the Victory's top deck are connected with the top line of hull plates by means of a double riveted angle, fastened firmly with two rows of zig zagged rivets. Should a break in the deck plating ocur, it is believed that this type of connection will prevent it from going beyond the edge of the deck.

SHIPWRECKED SEAMEN TOLD HOW TO SURVIVE

In advising shipwrecked seamen as how best to survive, a publication by the Medical Division, War Shipping Administration, and the United Seamen's Service urges sailors to follow the habits of monkeys in so far as eating is concerned. "Anything that you see monkeys eat is all right," says the helpful booklet.

In a review of Safety for Seamen" the American Merchant Marine Institute lists thefollowing interesting hints:

All animals even poisonous snakes are safe to eat.

While in a lifeboat beware of frostbite. By making faces, you can determine if frostbite has developed on your face.

To catch fish at night in a lifeboat shine your flashlight on your sail. Flying fish will jump at it and fall into your boat.

Seaweed while not delicious, is very edible. Crabs, too, are good; eat them for their juice and spit out the shells.

Warning to redheads: People with light complexions freckle easily, and must be given the most protected spots in a lifeboat.

Before abandoning ship, be sure you have the following: sunglasses, cigarettes, flashlight, knife, sweater, chewing gum, pack of cards, warm socks and especially long underwear.

Series of Nutritional Programs To Be Given

Miss Virginia Black, food preservation assistant associated with the University of California Extension Service, is making arrangements for a series of nutritional programs for housewives in this city. They will be given at the auditorium of the Elementary School at dates to be announced later.

Miss Black, whose headquarters are in Auburn is cooperating with the Red Cross nutrition unit and civic organizations are supporting her efforts.

NO. 4303

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION OF TIME APPOINTED FOR PROVING WILL, ETC.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF NEVADA.

In the Matter of the Estate of MARY K. PARSONS, also known as MARY KATHERINE PARSONS, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that Friday, the 2nd day of June 1944, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the Court Room of said Court, at the Court House, in the City of Nevada, County of Nevada, has been appointed by me as the time and place for proving the Will of said MARY K. PARSONS also known as MARY K. PARSONS, deceased, and for hearing the application of W. E. PARSONS, also known as WILLIAM PARSONS, for the issuance to him of Letters of Administration, with Will Annexed, when and where any person interested may appear and contest the same. A prayer for setting the estate aside to surviving spouse is included in said Petition.

Dated May 9th 1944.

R. N. McCORMACK, Clerk.
By R. E. DEEBLE, Deputy Clerk.
LAWRENCE J. SKIRVING, 313 Ochsner Bldg., Sacramento, Calif., Attorney for Petitioner.
May 15, 22, 29.

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WITH OUR BOYS IN GLOBAL WAR

William R. Livesay—

William R. Livesay, who enlisted in the U. S. marines some time ago, is enjoying a ten day furlough in Nevada City with his wife and children. He is in the R. R. Det., MCB. at San Diego. Before entering service he was employed in this locality and for several years in the local mines.

David Browning—

David Browning son of Mr. and Mrs. Arno Browning of French Corral and grandson of Mrs. Annie Browning of Boulder street, is now stationed in Lowry Field, Colorado. He is in the U. S. air corps. His wife and child live in Camino with her parents. He was able to get home for a short stay recently when his father was so ill.

Pvt. Bill Laird—

Pvt. Bill Laird who enlisted in the U. S. marines 17 months ago, has now spent one year in the South Pacific. In his letters home this week he stated he had returned to camp and found 24 letters awaiting him and the next day five came. Since being placed on a ship he has gained four pounds, the food being better. The evtreme heat in the South Pacific prevents men putting on much weight. He was amazed recently when he was served fresh eggs for breakfast the first since he left boot camp. near San Diego. Nearly all food is dried. French fried potatoes were a treat also.

George Agostini—

George Agostini graduated on May 29 from the New Mexico Military Institute at Roswell, New Mexico. He was just 18 years of age on May 23 and registered there for the draft board. He has now been recommended to officers training school for the U. S. Army. George will leave Roswell, June 3 and spend his furlough with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Agostini. George attended the local high school last year before entering the military institute. Popular with his classmates he has made a wide circle of friends here.

Wallace John Alderman, Farmer, Succumbs

Wallace John Alderman, 70, died Friday night at 9:30 o'clock in the house and on farm, along the McCourtney road, where he was born. He had spent his entire life in farming, and for several years conducted a large dairy.

Alderman was single. He leaves three sisters, Mrs. Elizabeth Moody of Ukiah, Mrs. Lilly Files of Wheatland and Miss Emily Alderman of Grass Valley.

Funeral services will be held this afternoon at 2 o'clock in Hooper and Weaver Mortuary chapel with Rev. Mark Pike officiating. Interment will be in the Loney Cemetery, McCourtney Road.

NEVADA CITY GIRL MARINE PREPARES CHOW FOR COMRADES

Sergeant Alma L. McGraath, former student of Nevada City High School, is shown preparing "chow" for the Women Marines at Camp Eelliott, San Diego. She is a graduate of the Marine Corps Cooks and Bakers School at Camp Lejeune, N. C. Her husband, Captain Dean F. McGrath, is also serving with the Marine Corps. Sergeant McGrath is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred H. Willard of Rocklin.

ASKS GUARANTEE

By CLEM WHITAKER

Since the first cave man fashioned the first club as a prop in his battle for survival, mankind has carried on an unending fight to attain freedom from want and freedom from fear—the highly publicized objectives of most modern day social programs.

There is nothing new in the struggle itself, but each generation has brought new weapons into play in the relentless fight for the seemingly unattainable.

Currently, the CIO, has trotted out a program to guarantee industrial workers security from want and fear—in bad times as well as good—by demanding that employers guarantee their employes regular wages throughout the year, whether working or idle.

Always intensely practical in its politics the powerful, but habitually leftish CIO, is conducting a determined, behind the scenes drive to get the Democratic National Convention at Chicago to approve a platform commitment that every workingman be guaranteed a specified weekly wage from his employer. And inasmuch as the CIO is spearheading President Roosevelt's fourth term campaign, it is in an excellent bargaining position to deal with the Democratic high command.

The underlying weakness in the CIO's ambitious program, which crops up under analysis, is that it fails to provide an "angel" to guarantee the employer's earnings, so that he, in turn, can guarantee to pay his employes when the shop is closed down and the cash drawer is empty.

When that discrepancy is brought to the attention of the CIO leaders, it is quite probable that the union chieftains will respond that business and industry should draw on their reserves in such an emergency. But unfortunately, the present tax policies of government which also have the warm support of the CIO, are designed to prevent business from accumulating reserves on the theory that profits are evil.

Faced with that incompatible condition, the sponsors of the CIO plan will doubtless say, as they have in similar instances in the past: "The workers must be protected." If the boss goes broke then the government should foot the bill." There's a slight flaw in that solution ,too, however. For employers and employes in their dual role as taxpayers, are the sole support of government—and if both are broke, where will the government look for its money?

A guaranteed annual minimum wage for all workers, as the CIO proposes, admittedly would go far toward alleviating human distress, if some magic formula could be found to guarantee it, and if some way could also be found to guarantee farmers against crop failures, business men against losses—and government a regular flow of taxes.

Until the millenium comes, however, it is doubtful whether mankind will ever be relieved entirely from the specter of want and fear no matter what plank may be inserted in the Democratic platform. The price of security is still toil and sweat and human engenuity.

Exhausted Carrier Pigeon Halts in Graniteville

Forest residents are alert to unusual happenings according to Ranger Paul Case of the Tahoe National Forest. Wednesday, a homing pigeon of the Blue Check Variety landed at the John Travis home in Graniteville seeking shelter after a long trip from somewhere. Travis immediately called the North Bloomfield Ranger Station and gave information on the bird's arrival to Darwin Conover. Conover went to Graniteville and took possession of the bird, bringing it to Nevada City. The bird, white band on right leg, H. P. L.—2800—AU 42 and a band with No. 16 on the left leg is enroute to army officials for identification purposes.

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Personals

Mrs. W. Parsons, the former Mary Sabin left Sunday for Treasure Island where she is stationed. She enlisted in the WAVES a year ago and has spent some time here on leave with her husband, instructor in the local high cchool.

Mrs. Helene Armstrong of Oakland is enjoying a visit here with relatives over Memorial holiday. She is visiting Mrs. W. L. Williamson and members of the Hallett families.

Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Mullin have as week end guests her brother, A. J. Miller employed in Berkeley, and Mrs. Gene Gregory of the bay district.

Miss Florence Meservey of Oakland is visiting with her mother, Mrs. W. E. Meservey and sister, Miss Mamie Meservey at Town Talk.

Mrs. L. Davidson of the bay district arrived in Nevada City Thursday evening enroute to Alleghany to spend the Momerial holiday with her mother, Mrs. Sadie Rogers and sister and brother in law, Mr. and Mrs. Elmo Trewhella.

Mr. and Mrs. Verne Wood of Napa motored to Nevada City Sunday for a few hours visit with Mrs. Wood'saunt, Mrs. Ida Guenther.

Mrs. GraceEnglebright left Saturday morning for the bay region where she visited with her son, Lt. Harry J. Englebright and wife. She will return home today.

Earl Phelps with the U. S. army at Camp Roberts, is enjoying a few days here with his parents. Mr. and Mrs. Joe Phelps and sisters and brothers.

Lou Wanamake arrived from the bay region Saturday and will spend a week here working on his home on the Lower Grass Valley highway. A year ago fire did considerable damage to his home. Wanamake has been employed in war work in the shipyards in the bay region more than a year.

H. F. Sofge, secretary of the local chamber of commerce reports he now has 5000 new folders advertisng Nevada City and county. They are to be distributed to prospective home owners and citizens.

JAP HELD WAR PRISONERS AT LAST TO GET AID

The more than 32,000 American boys interned in enemy prison camps are being provided for by two international organizations according to Nevada County War Chest officials.

War prison life is governed by the International Convention Relative to the Treatment of Prisoners of War, signed in 1929 at Geneva by 47 nations including the United States, Great Britain and Germany. The convention provides that internees be treated humanely and that certain standards be maintained regarding food, clothing, medical care and sanitation furnished within the camps. It also provides for visits to the internment centers by representatives of two organizations—the International Red Cross and War Prisoners Aid of the YMCA, both supported by generous American dollars—and for the supplying of materials and services to the prisoners by the agencies.

The two organizations work hand in hand, with no overlapping of function. War Prisoners Aid provides recreational, intellectual and spiritual services to internees; and books, athletic equipment and musical instruments are supplied to help relieve the monotony of camp life, and courses of study are outlined, enabling a prisoner of war not only to keep his mind alert but to continue his education. The Red Cross service consists of furnishing supplemental food, clothing and medical supplies. and of maintaining an information bureau and communications between prisoners of war and their families and friends. Both organizations are of vital importance to the mental and physical well being of American prisoners.

Although Japan is not a signatory to the 1929 convention, word has been received from the Swedish Minister to Japan, who is chairman of War Prisoners Aid in the Far East, that permission has been granted War Prisoners Aid to operate in the Philippines. The program formerly had been in effect at camps located in Japan, Shanghai, Hong Kong and Thailand.

Americans who contribute to the Red Cross campaign and to the appeal of local War Chests — which raise funds for War Prisoners Aid—have the satisfaction of being partipants in this humanitarian service to the courageous defenders of Bataan and our brave airmen who have been shot down over Germany.

Mrs. Ann Body Borne To Rest

Last rites were said under the direction of the Hooper and Weaver Mortuary Saturday afternoon at two o'clock for the late Mrs. Lillie Ann Body of 403 Mill street, Grass Valley. The service took place in the Emmanuel Episcopal Church with the rector, Rev. Frank H. Buck, officiating. Interment was in the Masonic Cemetery.

Mrs. Body passed away Wednesday evening. She had been ill for several weeks, but on Tuesday her illness became grave. She was a life long member of the Episcopal Church and was affiliated with the Pythian Sisters, Rebekah Lodge and Order of the Eastern Star.

The deceased was the widow of the late Harry Body, She was a native of Virginia City, Nevada, but came with her parents to live in Grass Valley when two years old. She was aged 76 years.

Surviving her are two daughters, Miss Ruth Body of Grass Valley, and Mrs. Carrie Jones of San Quentin, Marin County. She leaves two grandsons, Leonard Jones of the U. S. Army and Everett Jones of San Quentin.

INJURED BY FALLING ROCK

While engaged in road maintenance work for the forest service east of Nevada City, Kenneth Brady was injured Saturday by a falling rock. The rock falling from an embankment struck him on the shoulder and back of the neck resulting in injury to his vertebra. He was treated at the Community Hospital in Grass Valley.

CANDIDATE INITIATED

Under special dispensation from grand chapter, Evangeline Chapter, OES, initiated a candidate on Saturday evening. Several members who reside in the bay region were present to enjoy the evening. Refreshments were served at the close of the evening. Snow balls, iris anf ferns were used to decorate the hall and banquet room. Worthy Matron Bernice' Penrose presided.

SALE OF BUDDY POPPIES

Banner Mountain Post of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, and their auxiliary, took charge of the sale of buddy poppies on Nevada City streets Saturday. This was the 23rd annual sale of poppies undertaken by the post.

THIRTY DAYS

Thomas Mosher, who pleaded guilty Thursday to disturbing the peace, was sentenced to 30 days in jail by Justice of the Peace George Gildersleeve.

DIVORCE

JOHNSON—In Nevada City, Nevada County, May 25, 1944, Florence M. Johnson vs. Elmer J. Johnson, complaint filed. Grounds, cruelty.

BORN

WHITLOCK—In Nevada City, Nevada County, May 25, 1944, to Sgt. and Mrs. F. Whitlock of Grass Valley, a son.

RUTH—In Nevada City, Nevada County, May 26, 1944, to Mr. and Mrs. A. Smith of Alta, Placer County a daughter.

THOMAS—In Grass Valley, Nevada County, May 23, 1944, to Sgt. and Mrs. Louis Thomas, a daughter.

Downey Gets 39 Pct. Opponent 61 Pct. of Vote

Friends and supporters of Lieut. Gov. Frederick F. Houser and the Republican and Democratic opponents of Senator Sheridan Downey, found satisfaction in the primary election returns which reveal that a majority of Californians voted against returning the incumbent to Washington.

The tabulatiou showed Downey receiving only 39 per cent of the vote in both parties, while Houser and the other opponents received 61 per cent of the votes cast.

NOTICE

The Nevada City Council will receive applications from qualified persons for the post of life guard at the municipal pool in Pioneers Park. Applications made may be by either sex. The position pays $125 per month during the summer.

Fishing Poor In Big Bend District

Ranger Warren E. Barnes of the Big Bend District, Tahoe National Forest reports that due to cool weather and high water, fishing has generally been poor in streams on the Big Bend district. Barnes states that lake fishing will be possible in most of the lakes by June first when most of the roads are expected to be open.

City Council Seeks Life Guard For Swim Pool

The Nevada City Council is advertising for person, man or woman, who is qualified to serve as life guard of the municipal pool in Pioneers Park this summer. The job pays $125 per month.

Petitions Circulated For Appointment Farm Advisor

Petitions are being circulated throughout the farming sections of the county for the appointment of a farm advisor. The petitions, sponsored by the Nevada County Farm Bureau will be presented to the county board of supervisors at its meeting on June 1st.

Girl Scouts Conclude Coffee Jar Drive

The Brownies and intermediate groups of Girl Scouts have completed the campaign for glass coffee jars in Nevada City, according to Mrs. Adele Sturtevant, councillor. The total collected was 5702 jars. As a result of the campaign Mrs. Sturtevant estimates the Girl Scouts will receive almost $100. The campaign covered several months and Mrs. Sturtevant expressed her thanks to Nevada City residents for their cooperation.

H. F. Sofge stated Saturday the Vallejo Camp Fire Girls are trying to buy the Piedmont Camp Fire Girls camp on Lae Vera. A request has gone out asking for pictures of the Piedmont Camp as these pictures are wanted to assist in making a public drive to raise funds to buy the property. Anyone having pictures please leave them at the Nugget office for Sofge, secretary of the Nevada City Chamber of Commerce, and assisting worthwhile activity.

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